

Thos. Bligh St. John's

A

SECOND LETTER

FROM

TIMMY STRAIGHTFORWARD to his MOTHER.

CONTAINING

A DESCRIPTION OF POT-FAIR,

ELECTION FLIGHTS,

AND AN

CONSTITUTION

ODE FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

OF THE

GOVERNORS OF ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL, CAMBRIDGE.

YOU COME, LIKE AN IMPUDENT WRETCH, TO ATTACK US!

DATE GUIDE.

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Elegantly printed in 4to, and inscribed to the Freeholders of Cambridgeshire,

THE SECOND EDITION, OF

ELECTION FLIGHTS.

CONTAINING,

THE NOMINATION DAY,

A LETTER FROM TIMMY STRAIGHTFORWARD TO HIS MOTHER,

AND

A NEW SONG.

WHAT A SCURRILOUS AUTHOR! DOES NOBODY KNOW HIM?

BATH GUIDE.

A
D E S C R I P T I O N
O F
P O T - F A I R.

IN poetical mood, my dear mother, again
My poor Muse begs permission to send you a strain.
It is honor, dear honor, I know you intend me,
For what else could induce you to Cambridge to send me?
As 'tis Cambridge alone where all persons of spirit
May obtain a reward that will equal their merit:
Here are places for all—here are Taxors and Proctors,
Moderators, Professors, and Musical Doctors,
Vicechancellor, Stewards, 'Squire Bedels with maces,
Likewise Masters, Vicemasters, and many more places;

Then

Then besides, for those men who have not such large parts,
 Here's B. D. or B. M. or a Master of Arts.
 Some of these are for honor and others for profit,
 Here's an Orator too—but I think nothing of it;
 No, no, my dear mother, the place that I fish for,
 And what of all things I most heartily wish for,
 Is a Laureat, who sings on the birth-days of Kings,
 And each New-year's day a fresh offering brings
 To the foot of the throne.—But pray why this digression?
 'Tis, like M—t—n's discourse*, to display my profession;
 For the subject on which I intended to write
 Is as different far, aye, as black is from white!
 As I meant to relate how refreshing the air,
 How polite, how enchanting the charms of *Pot-Fair*!

When

* A certain Professor was remarkable for making use of similes from plants, flowers, &c.

When we'd finish'd our tea, says Miss FICKLE, 'O dear,
 Ma'am, I hope we shall all take a walk to the Fair,
 For it's Midsummer-day—all the world will be there!'
 Then the ladies got ready, but made such a rout
 About who should go first, and who last should come out:
 " Ma'am, I beg you'll excuse me—Miss GACKLE, now do!"—
 ' O I can't for the world!—pray Miss FORMAL do you!—
 " Ma'am you're very polite, but I cannot intrude."—
 Then, says I, my dear ladies, now don't think me rude,
 And I first will go out, for if you're so polite,
 'Ere we get to the Fair 'twill be Midsummer night.
 So I hurried them out and we cross'd o'er the Pieces,
 Were we met with the brisk widow WASP and her nieces.
 When we got to the Fair, first we rang'd through the pots,
 And laugh'd at the people stuck up in their cots;

Then

Then we travers'd the mall, where a heap of gay folks
 Were displaying their legs and were cracking their jokes,
 For the wind was so high that it blew all their hair out,
 And was ready their gowns and their aprons to tear out,
 Mr. Chettoe and Mrs. had just cross'd the water,
 The dowager Mus. too was there with her daughter;
 And the Lady DEANPURCHASE attended the Dean,
 Who had hurried from *Battle* to sport on the green;
 Miss Harriet Serocold—Oh how she looks!—
 Mrs. Parry, Miss Thomas, Miss Gooch and Miss Cooks,
 The good Lady from Trinity, Mrs. Hodgson,
 And old Madam RIGGLEDUMPUFF with her godson.
 Miss Newling, Miss Essex, Miss Cory and mother,
 Miss Forlow, Miss Tunnel, Miss Salmon and brother;
 Madam ONION we met too, but not at the Fair,
 She had just left quadrille for a little fresh air;

There

There was Mortlock, and Francis, and Murkin and Burleigh,
 And the old maid Miss BUNCLE, who look'd very farly;
 PEGGY BLACK from Emanuel, young Doctor GLYSTER,
 And Mr. MAKECANDLE, but not with his sister;
 Mrs. BRASSPRIEST, Miss WISHFOR'T, old POSSIBLE's daughter,
 The Miss Banks's Miss Smiths, and the neat Mrs. SLAUGHTER;
 Mrs. WAGGLETAIL CHATTER, the bone-setter's wife,
 With hundreds I ne'er saw before in my life;
 Miss Powel, Miss Blotfoe, and Mrs. Fisher—

' Pray what is the price of this old-fashion'd dish here ?'

" My dear Mrs. TAFFY, you're so push'd about,

" You will not to-morrow be fit to stir out."

' Have you purchas'd you're pots, Ma'am?—What odd-

" colour'd beakers !"—

' For a total repeal, Sir, the principal speakers

' Were Ambler and Bull—Doctor Gooch, how d'ye do?'

" Mr. LACKCHILD, your servant, I thought it was you!

"What a vast deal of company!"—"Mazingly full—

'Mr. Burke said he'd move the commitment of Bull.'

'Oh Fortune befriend me, and give me the caps!

"Is Miss FUDGE in the raffle?"—"I don't know, perhaps

'She will try for the china'—"Who got it last night?"

'Lady DEANPURCHASE won it,'—"She's very polite—

"Do you think she is handsome?"—"She's vastly genteel—

'Who are those two in bonnets?'—"My dear Mrs. STEEL,

"Have you seen TIMMY STRAIGHTFORWARD? Lord, what

"a scrawl!"

'I hope Monday se'nnight you'll be at the Ball!

'Mr. Hatton presides—Have you taken your chance?'—

"Yes, and lost it at both—I have just had a glance

"At the Lady DEANPURCHASE—I can't think she's pretty!"

'I long for to see her—I hear that she's witty.'

"So Miss S—ge, I hear, Ma'am, is going to be married; W

"Though I'd your commendations, you see I've miscarried—

"Mr.

" Mr. K—ps is so happy, I find, as to win her,"

' He's a man of great fortune'——" Now, as I'm a finner,

" Mr. TALBOY, 'tis monstrous!"——' Miss Mus. I declare

' Here's a vast deal of fun to be seen at this Fair!'——

I thought, with the ladies, the Fair vastly funny—

I had raffled with them too, and lost all my money ;

So I went back to Cambridge, and wrote you this letter,

For which you must own yourself greatly my debtor.

TIMMY STRAIGHTFORWARD.

Cambridge, June 24, 1780.

P. S. Just to prove, my dear mother, I've skill at invention,

And to shew for the Laureat's place my pretension,

I've inclos'd you an Ode, which I hope now will please you ;

But if not—why 'twill be the last time I shall teize you.

ODE

[1]

ODE for "the ANNIVERSARY MEETING
OF THE
GOVERNORS of ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL, CAMBRIDGE.

Impatient waiting for the awful sound

Of Fate's dread summons to relieve his woes,

The weary mortal throws his eyes around,

And begs that Death his wretched life may close.

On sharp Affliction's flinty bed

Distrest, forlorn, he gasping lies;

Disease still hovers o'er his head,

And Fate the wish'd-for boon denies !

The pangs of Poverty distract his soul !

Tormenting horrors through his spirits roll !

Scarce able Life's afflicting weight to bear,

He mourns, he pines, he lingers with despair !

Who

Who shall relieve the wretch's care?

What heart-reviving friend is near,

To calm the tumult in his breast,

And hush his troubles into rest?

A stream of anguish bursts through rocks of sighs,

His heart o'erwhelms, and drowns his care-shrunk cheek,

Whilst murm'ring torrents, which successive rise,

The torture of his soul bespeak.

He weeps—but weeps not long in vain,

For PITY warms the human breast!

The pearly blessing starting from her eye

Lulls into peace the melancholy sigh;

BENEVOLENCE, celestial maid,

Extends her sorrow-soothing aid,

PLENTY relieves where PENURY opprest,

And CHARITY alleviates the pain!

Rouze, then, to songs of grateful joy

The sleeping lyre's harmonious string;

Extend your voices through the yielding sky,

And make th' enraptur'd heavens ring!

Awake the harp! Attune the lute!

Breathe in soft strains the melting flute!

We'll swell the choir till Heaven's high concave rings

With ecchoing praises to the *KING OF KINGS!*

